

Holt suggests that they go out "under the skies", and he tells her that one can escape from the serfdom of their own tragic life dramas out in the open air.

Laura, hesitating, timid, fearful, trembling and the man half unwilling, grudging, yet stirred by an immense feeling of pity, go out together.

They tramp along together, neither of them saying a word. For miles—first through the city streets, and then into the park and on and on—just walking, neither speaking, All about them ~~like~~ like a kaleidoscopic panorama the ~~world~~ seething throngs pass, and gradually as they walk Laura begins to ~~look~~ look at the man beside him. The fever cools in her brain. A faint wistful ~~feeling~~ sympathy for the man beside her surges through her. ~~Holt~~ ~~feeling~~ New feelings have been swaying the man also. He begins to question whether his absorption in his own troubles are not indicative of an immense egotism and selfishness. He wishes that it were possible for one to emancipate himself from the serfdom of his own ego. He realizes that in the immense scheme of things ones personal sorrow should not be ones sole obsession. There are others in the world whose hearts and souls ache with an even deeper pang than his own —others who have been forced into flames hotter than those that have shrivelled his ~~own~~ soul. And something of the old Doctor's fine and simple philosophy of life comes to haunt and reproach him. For nursing ones own troubles, fiercely brooding over and hugging them to ourselves is ~~again~~ a form of ego-mania peculiar to us all.

In the days that followed, the girl who had suffered so and the man who had been crucified ~~met~~ and walked together. Strangely enough the details of their case were never gone into.